

GAZE ONCE MORE ON SABRINA

332 AMHERST ALUMNI DRINK TO THE BATTERED WIDOW.

Boston Had Only Three Hundred—The Even Numbers Still Hold the Vanishing Lady—Prof. Olds Reports Out of Quarantine—Poem Read on the Amherst Main.

The Amherst alumni managed to pull off the biggest and perhaps the liveliest dinner in the history of the association at the Waldorf-Astoria last night. They felt so good about it that when the supercilious Boston lunch sent a stinging telegram.

Three hundred four was Boston's score. If you gathered in more we're not sure.

They fired back a sassy answer in prose, because Burgess Johnson, the college poet, couldn't think of anything to rhyme with 312.

The Amherst men filled the banquet room clock full and running over and made the little Cupids on the painted ceiling skip and sidle with their battle cries from table to table. As is the custom at Amherst dinners, class foregathered with class. The biggest and noisiest was 06, with twenty-one fledglings pouring fizzy water into their tender insides, but the gayest and proudest was '94, because the Widow Sabrina—

tut-tut-tut goddess of Amherst—with a green mantle lightly thrown across her buxom shape (in vane Anthony Comstock was proving about it) was with them through the dinner.

Time was when the Widow Sabrina was a gaunt bronze figure which stood on a pedestal of stone near the observatory on the college grounds and was the plaything of sops and freshies, who striped her modest brown legs with yellow and green paint, wrapped her in immodest Mother Hubbards and pinned green shawls around her fair head. Then the faculty banished the Widow Sabrina to a storeroom, from which she was rescued by the class of 1890, which made her its fetish and good luck place. Thereafter the career of the Widow was strenuous and full of movements to and fro, from Cape Cod and the Fishing Banks to the Illinois prairies. The class of '91 stole her and passed her on to '93. She was hidden in an Illinois barn, secretly sent by express to Boston and cooped up in the cellar of a negro poker joint. A little later 1894 swiped the Widow from the Adams Express Company and great was the fuss made over it.

Since '94 got her she has been the pride and glory of all even classes at Amherst, the mock and shame of the odd. No man knew where she was until the class of '95 found this day, because in her time she has been buried in the mud at the bottom of the Connecticut River, lain in the hold of a Gloucester fishing boat on the Atlantic coast, stayed for months in a New York safety deposit vault—always protected by the evens and always sought for by the odds.

Therefore the men of '95 last night, joining together in a booming chorus, led by Percy Schmuck:

Sabrina, Sabrina, dear,
We raise to thee our hearty cheer.
Come, fellows, let us drink to thee,
To her we love and love the most.

Class belated about to class until they all joined in a crashing anthem to Lord Geoffrey Amherst, a song which ran this way:

Oh, Lord Geoffrey Amherst is a soldier of the King,
And he came from across the sea.
To the Frenchmen and the Indians he didn't do a thing
In the wilds of this wild country.

And for his royal majesty he fought with all his might,
For he was a soldier loyal and true,
And he conquered all his enemies, that came within his sight,
And he looked around for more when he was through.

Over in the corner of the room, at a table surrounded by bespectacled, bald, sedate old grads, they turned down their glasses and sang a song which was popular once in Amherst:

But we don't drink a cup to old Amherst, my boy,
For we've nothing but love for her now;
So, drain to the dregs
And we're pretty bad boys.

We had hatched up the best she knew how.

The Francis Murphy Club, class of '97, with blue ribbons in their buttons, and led by George B. Mallon, a well known Jerseyman, lifted their voices in their temperance chant and hurried it to the class of '98.

We're coming, we're coming, the brave little band,
On the right side of temperance we now take our stand.

We won't use tobacco, for this is what we think,
That men as doctors are likely to drink.

Down with King Alcohol, Amen.
The fledglings fired back a volley of wet stanzas, of which the refrain ran noisily:

I wish I had a barrel of rum
And sugar three hundred pound.
I'd put it in the nearest buy, I would,
With the clapper I'd stir it round.

I'd bid each honest fellow
To have his fill of cheer,
For I'm a student of old Amherst,
And a son of a gun for ever.

Later when the class of 1906 got the annual prize of a magnum of champagne for having the biggest class turnout for the Amherst dinner, the class of '98 went in a body to '94 and cracked the magnum over the port quarter of the Widow Sabrina.

At the toastmaster's table, where Dwight W. Morrow presided, sat Prof. George D. Olds, who was there to represent President George Harris, now in Europe. United States Senator Frederick B. Olds, of Oregon, Daniel F. Kellogg, Judge Edward T. Slocum of Pittsfield, Mass.; his brother, Dr. William Frederick Slocum, president of Colorado University, and one John Hiram Grant and Burgess Johnson. Among the other alumni were Charles A. Allen, former Governor of Porto Rico; Magistrate Charles S. Watson, of New York; Mr. Grosvenor and Mortimer Schiff. The oldest alumnus present was John H. Washburn of the class of '49, and the youngest, R. C. Vanden of '96.

On the toastmaster's table was the great silver loving cup which at commencement time each year goes to the class which musters the biggest number. At the dinner it was in the custody of the class of '98, which turned out twenty-three out of a possible thirty-one last spring.

Toastmaster Morrow read a cablegram from President Harris and another from the Boston alumni. Then he introduced Prof. Olds, who got a big cheer from the Amherst men.

"My words are quite disinfected," said Prof. Olds. "All the germs have been taken away. Besides, the newspapers made too much of the scarier fever trouble we had. There were only six cases and one death. The college will reopen on March 1. We closed merely as a precaution."

Prof. Olds talked about his first visit to New York years ago. "I was more of a boy then. [A voice: 'Oh, no, and laughter.] I couldn't get a room in a hotel, and when I asked why they told me that New York had just put in a Tammany Mayor and business was lively."

Prof. Olds said that public confidence and interest was evidently increasing in Amherst, as the record dinner attendance showed, and that much was owing to the New York alumni for the boozing that Amherst has got. He advised the old grads, if they hadn't already done it, to go and get sons and send them to Amherst. (Great cheering.)

"Why, it hasn't been so long ago," said Prof. Olds, "that the board of trustees sent

332-0 PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS.

Colonists one-way tickets Chicago to the Pacific Coast via the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northern Lines, on sale daily during March and April. The rate of \$10.00 includes breakfast, lunch, dinner, and baggage. Double berth in double room only \$7.00, without baggage. Extra charge on our personally conducted tours. For literary and business information, write to the Union Pacific, Tourist Department, C. & N. P. Union Pacific, 222 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

PUBLISHERS SIT AT MEAT

AND EDITORS DROP PENS FOR THE KNIFE AND FORK.

Speaker of Canadian House of Commons Sounds a Hands Across the Border Note—Herman Ridder, the Association's New President—Letter From Roosevelt.

THE EDUCATED CITIZEN (A Heresy). A bright-faced college freshman and a "Linnus" gray of hair.

Once seated in sweet communion through a city thoroughfare.

"Our city's hope," the elder said, "her future guard and care."

Depend on educated men to keep her fair and sweet."

The white hair tore his paper up and dropped it in the street.

"It is on men like us, my son, with consciences afloat."

The law and order must depend, to e'er uphold the right."

"Oh, see! Oh, stay!" the lad broke in. "Observe you brutal fight!"

"No, hurry, hurry by, my son!" his dad replied in fear.

"We might be held as witnesses if we should linger here!"

"My son," said he, "the high ideals you gain in college halls."

It is your duty to preserve when flanked by city walls.

Where honesty is all too scarce and common virtue scarce."

He paused the while, they took a car—it was the crowded time—

The worn conductor passed them by and so they saved a dime."

"Was about to add, my boy, the gray alumnus said, "Except for such as we the old-time graces would be lost."

That moment the conductor cried, "All take the car ahead!"

"Come, run, my son, and elbow through, for if our steps be lost."

We'll pass all these stenographers and maybe get a seat."

"This car is fine," the Freshman cried, "behold, how fast we go!"

The people stand at crossing-walks; we leave them in a row."

"Slue were on board," his father said, "I like it. But tell me of the chapel, son, one time my daily road."

Where altruistic principles were grafted on my soul."

"Ah, boy, what privileges are ours, the cultured minds we gain."

Uplift us over the common herd, we tread a higher plane."

Against us waves of worldliness may beat, and beat in vain."

My educated grade I find is flat on points so high, That all the common things about slip quite unheeded by."

A moving picture man had gone up to Amherst and caught the students at work and play. He threw some of the pictures on a screen—crowds hurrying into chapel and out, relay races, on the track incidents of campus life and class celebrations.

CRUSHED TO DEATH IN FLIGHT.

Man Who Struck Minister in Street Dodges Before's Truck.

George Walker, who was construction superintendent for F. H. Chapman & Co. of 43 Cedar street and whose home was at 19 Van Buren street, Brooklyn, was run over and killed by a truck yesterday afternoon after a fight in the street with the Rev. Anton Rasmussen of 252 East Forty-eighth street.

Walker boarded a westbound Fourteenth street car at Fourth avenue, and as the interior of the car was crowded he stood on the front platform. The motorman ordered him to go inside. He refused. The motorman said he wouldn't start the car until Walker went inside. Walker was stubborn and the passengers inside got angry. An argument started inside the car, some siding with and some against Walker.

Finally Conductor Patrick Carroll of 508 West Fifty-second street, after a scuffle, got Walker inside. The argument was continued. The Rev. Mr. Rasmussen chided Walker, who wanted to start a fight. He was restrained by other passengers.

At Fifty-fifth avenue the car was stopped and many of the passengers got out. Among them were Dr. Rasmussen and Walker.

When in the street Walker punched Dr. Rasmussen in the face and knocked him down. Several men made a rush for Walker, who turned and ran west on Fourteenth street toward Sixth avenue. The car started in pursuit and Conductor Carroll and the passengers raised the cry of "Stop that car!"

Letter Carrier Aloise J. Hartman of 429 West Thirty-seventh street heard the cries, saw Walker and started after him. Walker tried to cross in front of a team bound east just as Hartman caught up with Walker. Both men were knocked down by the horses, which stumbled and fell on them.

Traffic Policeman Schneider, with the help of bystanders, got the two horses off the men.

Walker's skull was crushed in and he died almost immediately. Hartman had two ribs broken and was sent to the New York Hospital.

Henry Fox, the driver of the truck, was arrested and locked up in the police station charged with homicide. Carroll, the conductor, was also arrested, charged on the police blotter with being an accessory.

CAMPAIN TO SAVE FERRER.

He Helped Anarchist Who Threw Bomb at Royal Spanish Embassy.

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE SUN.

MADRID, Feb. 21.—The anarchist campaign to save Ferrer, who was director of the Modern School of Anarchists at Barcelona and who is accused of having aided Morales, the man who threw the bomb at King Alfonso and Queen Victoria as they were returning from the church after their marriage, to escape from Madrid, increases in violence as the date of the trial approaches.

The Public Prosecutor daily receives letters threatening him and his family with death if Ferrer is convicted. The Judge and some of the Ministers have received similar letters. A bomb was found the other day at the residence of an under secretary of the Department of Justice, but it was safely removed. The police are taking vigorous measures to protect those threatened.

Meanwhile Ferrer has not succeeded in getting an advocate to defend him. Nobody, not even a Republican, is willing to undertake his defense, although big fees have been offered. The trial will begin on April 21.

Branch Postal Station in West Forty-third Street.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—A branch station with all postal facilities will be established in the basement of the premises at 215-223 West Forty-third street, between Eighth and Broadway, New York, on November 1. This is done to relieve the congestion of mail in the vicinity of Times Square, which is now handled largely by Station 2, post Thirty-first street.

The First Assistant Postmaster-General today signed a contract with the owner of the premises above named, to run for a period of two years beginning on November 1 next, when the Department hopes to open the station for business. The station will cost the Government \$25,000 a year for rent and the building is being made by the authorities here to improve the postal system in New York to meet the constantly growing business in that city.

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HER LIFE WITH WHITE AND THAW

Continued from Third Page.

Mr. White that it was being done by some friend. "A. My mother did, yes."

Q. And it was Thaw that was doing it?

A. Yes.

Q. How much was your letter of credit?

A. You mean the Cook's letter?

Q. Yes. A. Five hundred dollars, as I remember.

Mr. Jerome said he thought it was \$400, and she said she wasn't sure.

Q. Did you not know that your mother was left in such means in London that she had to go and live as a chambermaid in a hotel?

A. She certainly was not.

Q. That is entirely untrue, is it? A. That is entirely untrue.

Q. Has she ever told you about that?

A. I heard that she said that; she never told me.

Mr. Jerome inadvertently said that Bedford, the valet, had been left in London to "maintain" her mother. He changed it to "care for her" readily when Mr. Delmas protested.

About Cabling to White.

Mr. Jerome wanted to know if she didn't do some cabling to White after she and Thaw got back to Paris. "I can't say positively. I don't remember," she said. She thought a cable had been sent to White.

"Well," said Mr. Jerome, "your recollection of that cable is, it is not, because the American Embassy had been asked to intervene and there was a row going on in London about it, and did you not cable Stanford White in substance, or was not there a cable sent which you knew was in substance, asking him to keep your mother quiet?"

Mr. Delmas said the cables were the best evidence. Mr. Jerome replied that they had been destroyed. Then Mr. Delmas said that the question asked too many things.

Apparently the witness wasn't anxious to tell too much about this cabling to White.

Q. Did you know at this time or about this time of a cable being sent? A. Yes.

Q. Which was in substance to this effect, that Stanford White was to use his influence to keep your mother from raising trouble with the American Embassy in London about your going off with Thaw? A. Not the American Embassy, as I recollect it.

Q. Well, with whom? A. With a man. I can give you his name.

She whispered it to Mr. Jerome, however.

By Mr. Jerome—It was to prevent your mother and this gentleman—just tell me what it was to prevent; I can't understand that.

By Mr. Delmas—Tell us what it was.

By Mr. Jerome—Except the name of the gentleman, I have told you. I am working my intelligence to the best of my ability.

Q. Well, I am working my intelligence to the best of my capacity, but I appeal to you to tell me the name, leaving out the name of the gentleman. A. I do not remember what the cable was; I know it was about this man and that his name was mentioned.

Q. Yes, and wasn't it that your mother had requested this man to bring you back from Thaw to her and to appeal to the American Embassy and that you wanted White to exercise his influence to prevent it?

There was another protest from Mr. Delmas. He couldn't understand the question. She sent the cable, she said. She showed it to her, but she couldn't remember "exactly" what was in it. "To the best of my knowledge the cable was about this man, and I am sure that a representative of the American Embassy at London. She was sure the cable went to White, but she couldn't remember any more.

Q. Then you remember nothing about it excepting that it had something about this man in it? A. Yes.

Q. About this man in connection with what? A. Something that was going on in London.

Q. What was going on in London? A. I do not know.

Q. But it was about what was going on in London? A. I do not know exactly, but that is an impression that I got.

Q. What—A. I do not remember what was in that cable excepting that it mentioned this man's name and was about business in London and was sent through Stanford White.

That business in London? A. About mamma, as I remember it.

Too Much About Mamma to Remember.

Q. Well, what about mamma? A. I do not remember. There is too much about mamma that I can remember everything.

Q. I don't want you to tell me everything about mamma, but if you will tell me this particular part that was going on in London about mamma. A. I do not know excepting what I heard later.

Q. Now, about your recollection of the cable. A. Well, I told you all that I can remember about the cable.

Q. All that you can exactly remember. But what do you definitely remember? A. All that I can remember is that this man's name was mentioned and it was sent to Mr. White.

Q. And in whose name was it sent, in yours?

A. I do not know.

Q. You don't mean that Thaw himself sent them in his own name to White, do you?

A. No.

She couldn't remember whose name was signed to the cable. Mr. Jerome seemed sure it was hers. She didn't remember seeing any name.

Q. Well, this man was connected with the embassy of the United States at that time in London? A. Yes, sir.